



THE BINNACLE

Vol. 1. No. 13

MORROW COVE

November, 1943

FINAL EXAMS BEGIN

BASKETBALL AT CMA!

Very happy indeed were those rabid casaba fans last November 4 when it was disclosed that construction would begin on the proposed basketball court that day. Getting right to work, an enthusiastic working party supervised by Ensign Slagle and Lt. Com. Severin pitched in on the job at hand. Within a few days the surveying of the court and the construction of the support and braces for the backboards were completed; and every foot of the holes sunk for the uprights was hard earned, as the hard packed soil offered a good deal of resistance to the not-so-tireless efforts of the industrious midshipmen.

Greatly heartened with having a means in which to enjoy some form of athletics (other than ping pong), members of all classes were taking pot shots at the baskets even before completion of the court. With basketball season almost at hand and winter practice beginning all over the country, many of the school's fine players are turning out for practice every evening in an effort to organize a team which may be able to compete with other schools. Facilities at the Vallejo YMCA are available for the finished practicing which will be necessary if CMA is to put forth a team that will meet other teams on equal terms.

The inspiration of actually having an authorized sport at the new base has given rise to many other suggestions. Among the better being the idea of having a crew to compete with any and all comers who would be able to meet us with our type of equipment (possibly we may obtain some new boats in the future.) This idea is by no means new, as CMA has a show case full of trophies to vouch for the excellent competitive skill which it has demonstrated in whaleboat racing.

A swimming team might easily be organized, but lack of any appropriate pool or area of water in which to train has the swimming fans stumped. However, one sport which will have not only the support of the cadet corps but also that of the Superintendent is tennis. A fine tennis team should be forthcoming after the construction of the proposed courts is terminated; we have many above average players, who should be able to represent the Academy very favorably.

In the meantime most of us will have to concentrate on basketball, a very excellent sport to those who as yet have not participated in it. Intramural or interclass competition is being arranged so everyone may have a chance to have a little fun and good exercise or to try out for the team—which will be a dilly with all of the talent that is turning out. At last we have a chance to have a team that will be able to represent the Academy in a most favorable light; let's all get behind it and put out a swell team and a lot of school spirit.

FIRST CLASS STUDIES FOR "TICKETS"

Once again the Midshipmen at CMA have broken out their notes for the term and are furiously "boning" up for the final exams in all subjects. Third classmen are the least affected having only one semester's classes to review. The Second classes have begun to review their Third class exams and "review tests," if they may be called that, will follow. Present semester studies are the chief concerns, and the exams will last well into December.

Not only will review and review tests keep the First class busy, but exams for First Aid, Lifeboatmen's Certificates, Signalling Certificates and the important Third Officers will have to be studied for. On the 29th of November they begin their Third's exams. Unlike those of the past number of years, the present class will take their tests in the classrooms of the Morrow Cove base.

As we all know, a great deal of studying is required for these exams and a grade of 100 percent is needed to acquire the licenses.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS

The long delayed move from the living quarters of the ship the new barracks and mess hall of the base proper is now anticipated to be completed shortly after the graduation of the present first class in mid-December. Many midshipmen, anxious to get organized in their new places of habitation, had expected the transition earlier, but for the benefit of all plans have been arranged so as to have the Academy functioning very smoothly and utilizing all of the many advantages offered here at Morrow Cove by the first of the year.

One recent development which has been very pleasing, to say the least, to those owners of motor vehicles "garaged" here has been the construction of a smooth asphalt road replacing the old rough dirt road leading from the highway and proceeding to the offices. The road leading to the dock has been widened by the partial excavation of the hill just beneath the northern limits of the Carquinez Toll Bridge. We hear that the barracks are now nearing final completion and that all that remains is the addition of the remaining furnishings. The mess hall has had added to it a shelter porch (possibly someone is anticipating rain?) as well as appendages to the roof and staircase.

More equipment is again being seen around the Cove to be used to cut down the side of the mountain (a California hill) on the north side of the Cove. It won't be long now before that hill is on its side, and we shall be playing baseball on it. Bids for the construction and excavation work by the Adolph Teichert & Sons Construction Co. of Sacramento, were accepted by the State Legislature in appropriating a handsome sum to the California Maritime Academy for the job.

While all of these things are seemingly incidental, they combine to hasten the day when thoughts of a crowded berth deck, wash room and lower No. 1 will be just a memory.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

With the new shore base will come a new class, new routine, and doubtless new traditions. Morrow Cove is going to be CMA's home for good now, and we are the first to move in.

While the length of the whole course of study has been cut to less than half the time it was in pre-war days, it is only a war-time measure and will be back on regular schedule after the emergency. While we are here now, we mustn't forget that CMA once had a shore base at California City for a decade and saw some lean years. Take a look at Morrow Cove now—the end of November, 1943. The water's edge is irregular, and at low tide, mud flats and rocks mar the landscape. A dirt road a quarter of a mile long leads from the dock to the mess hall and school rooms. An old pier and three old hulks fill up the bay. Yet, think of the cleaning up that has been done since we first moved up here from San Francisco only last August.

The barracks are practically ready for use, a basketball court has been set up, and the road leading from the sentry gate to the offices has been asphalted. We were fortunate enough in getting a place ashore with full-grown eucalyptus trees; they will certainly form a beautiful background to green grass and white buildings in years to come.

Maybe CMA is experiencing lean years now. In the few months we've been here, the future hasn't seemed so forboding or ominous to us. Sports at the Academy have begun to be revived. Captain Mayo has vowed his support to the embryo basketball team with the promise that, "We'll get the best—". What more could we ask for now? And then there's talk of keeping up the boat crews, starting a band, swing or anything.

There are a number of Midshipmen who feel that a dance band might add to the growing school spirit. It's food for thought but moving to the shore base is going to be a big step forward, too!

Extra-curricular activities during war time must be secondary to producing the necessary material for war. We are the material for war; badly needed now and badly needed when the war is over. The Merchant Marine of the United States will not have lost its responsibility when the Krauts and Japs are licked. Those of us who are here now will all be Second Mates, Chief Mates, Masters, Second Engineers and Chief Engineers when the war ends, and we'll be replacing the older officers of the Merchant Fleets.

The "Port of California Maritime Academy" Charter of the Propeller Club of the United States was granted to CMA in an honorary "Student" status. In the "old days" this club used to get speakers from the San Francisco Club and would have exchange dinners. The advantages of the local club are not so apparent to the Midshipmen due to the shortened course of study and work. However, it is good to keep our charter in mind for better days. Let's hope those better days are here pretty soon so the Propeller Club of the "Port of California Maritime Academy" will again bring in the outside speakers and "Promote, Further and Support an American Merchant Marine." This is only one thing that should become more active now. It would be to our advantage to have it so.

Don't forget the chances you have for starting some new and worthwhile things here at CMA. It's not a new Academy but it is beginning a brand new chapter in its history. We know now that the Merchant Service is going to lead the Maritime World in size, speed and efficiency, long after the World War II is over. With our new base, we should keep up with it.

—THE EDITOR

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

215 Market Street, San Francisco

San Francisco is the home port of this Steamship Line. It is one of the oldest lines on the coast, non-subsidized and has a fleet of ships numbering around 35. American-Hawaiian is a non-union company and its shore personnel are ex-seagoing men who have left the fleet of ships and gone ashore.

The ships themselves have been built in China, Europe and the East Coast. Before the war a particular style of vessel was being planned which would have the engine-room aft. However the war has postponed this and the fleet went right into war work. About half of the Oceanic-Oriental SS Company's ships were added to the fleet and their names changed to those of the States.

There are two intercoastal runs made, the North Atlantic and South Atlantic. The North Atlantic runs are between Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, through the Canal to Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The South Atlantic runs from the same Pacific Ports to Charleston, Savannah, Jamaica and Baltimore, both with general cargo.

It was an American-Hawaiian steamer that made the longest non-stop voyage on record, from the West Coast to New York via Straits of Magellan. That was before the Panama Canal was built. And the first oil-burning steamer was owned by this line.

For those of you who are planning to stay at sea for a long time, American-Hawaiian retires its men on a pension. Today there are 26 grads of CMA serving as officers in the deck department alone.

SLOPSHUTE JERK

By "Fearless"

We find our hero, as usual, sleeping on that mass of wire and feathers which is called a bunk. He has a big smile on his face as he is dreaming of the good old days when third classmen were "swabs" (and knew better than to win a boat race). He feels so good that he gets up, after the mate shakes him seven times, and even decides to go to exercises.

Having just finished his favorite of the morning dozens, deep breathing, he reports to his cleaning station in the fore peak and remains there 'till his watch reminds him that he has only five minutes before knock-off. He crawls from between the pots of "Red Deck" and "Wardroom Green" and goes below to the washroom to get cleaned up. He has no more than sprinkled three drops of water on his hair when he hears a slight rustling behind him and then —

"Joik, what is youse doin' down here at dis time of de mornin'?"

Slopshute recognizes the voice as the author of "The Bitter Tea of Mister 'B'" or "Why Didn't The Mate Pipe Who Had The Duty?" and glances at his watch which now says 0703. Pulling himself together and using the tactfulness he has developed in all his years, Jerk says,

"Combing my hair, sir."

"Did youse hear de bugle blow yet?"

"Knock-off is a little late this morning, isn't it, Sir?" says Jerk again glancing at his watch for effect.

"Knock-off ain't blowed yet, and youse is on de report," says the voice as he adds another name to the long list and leaves, chuckling to himself.



From now on, Slopshute, the "hot-foot" will be considered a report sheet offense.



What's THIS? Hazing?

We leave our hero here, still sprinkling water on his hair, and next find him enjoying a class in Seamanship (it is being held on the dock and he cannot go to sleep.) He is learning? how to rig a sail boat and how to take command of a boat when underway. He is in the boat trying to give the proper orders to set up sail.

"Splice the mainbrace—Sorgum your spinnerblat."

It is quite obvious that he doesn't know much about it and is looking for some assistance, when who should arrive on the scene but that hater of evil, that righter of wrong, our boy Ralphie (whip in hand.) Ralphie tries to teach Jerk something for a few minutes, but he finds that it is impossible and tells Slopshute to work on one of the "salty" jobs, dusting off the ventilators.

Jerk is working so hard that he doesn't realize that he has dropped his priceless heirloom (a Big Ben pocket watch with a soft alarm) into the ventilator, until he reaches for it to find how much time is left before knock-off. Being short for his height, Jerk finds it necessary to **beg** the assistance of one of the lower classmen who is tall enough to reach his chronometer.

Slopshute is holding the "swab" by his heels upside down in the ventilator pipe and the "Terror" steps out of his room. (Lucky for Jerk, the "Terror" is in a good mood as he has just won a game of solitaire single handed and he only cheated three times.)

"Are you hazing, Mr. Jerk?"

At this remark, Slopshute lets go the swab and jumps to attention, but to no avail as he ends up at a report mast anyway.

SPORT SPUTTERS

By Bob Myers

Officers and midshipmen alike were treated to one of the best football games of the year during our recent stay in Stockton, when the hard fighting College of Pacific team outgamed and outplayed the highly favored and feared Del Monte Pre-Flight outfit. With two terrific teams pitted against them, one a very fine cadet aggregation and the other a line-up of ALL-TIME grid greats, the small Pacific squad refused to be daunted and merely waded in, to completely demoralize the All-Americans and their coaching staff.

When the smoke cleared and the bleating (by Del Monte) died down, it was C.O.P. 16, Del Monte 7. Outstanding with his unbelievable line play was Art McCalfray, Pacific's candidate for ALL-COAST and ALL-AMERICAN honors. However, S. C.'s victory over Pacific the following weekend dashed all of their Rose Bowl hopes to the ground.

Of more than slight interest to those CMA boys attending the Stockton High-Modesto High football game the night previous to the above mentioned battle, was the swell little game those two high schools played. With a smooth working running and passing attack, the home town Stockton boys came home with the bacon by a two touchdown margin. Nevertheless, Modesto did not seem to be at all down-hearted by Stockton successes and also exhibited a lot of the fight and fire that makes any contest exciting. Particularly notable were the fast, hard charging Stockton backs. It is just our opinion that Cal really could have used a couple of those high school boys in their defeat with St. Mary's Pre-Flight the other Saturday.

Swimmers Griffith and Jahnsen look to be two of the most capable paddlers to their class; with a wealth of material, CMA could have a fine swimming team, and its kinship with the aquatic sport makes it a "natural" for a sport which would have enthusiasm as well as practicability. However, there are no facilities within miles, and most likely there won't be until the construction of the future swimming pool.

Perambulations: The impeccable "Doc" Greene, of "alcoholic build" fame, was observed running B. Outhouse into the ground in a recent passing duel . . . it was a great blow to the W.C.T.U. . . . We don't see yet how Ed ("Who's Got A Match?") Issett did those 125 sit-ups during that physical endurance test some months ago, when he can't make that 90 degree angle just once after reveille in the morning . . . Peering down "Broadway" it looks like Ironside is losing his girlish figure . . . From the way Harry ("Come In Mariu") Canning has been tossing around the old apple, it wouldn't surprise us to see the majors grab off the loquacious refugee from the "Pistol Packin' Mama" . . . How about that rumor of our prospective basketball team meeting St. Mary's! . . . If you are wondering what makes that northern backboard so secure on the new basketball court, it is all due to the new brace constructed by that eminent structural designer, B. Grundy . . . There certainly have been a mess of fish caught near the base lately, Steel, Huycke, Fokett and Lt. Tubbs being prominent among the anglers . . . Why the sudden interest in diving, Walt; can it be the money in it?

OUR ENGINEROOM

In the past few weeks following the last cruise of the GOLDEN STATE much has been accomplished to prepare the engineers for the problems with which they will have to cope in the future.

Along with the finals and Third Assistant exams prepping, the first classmen have been studying intensively their General Rules and Regulations of Marine Inspection and Navigation which they have long been awaiting. Even though the ship is docked the evaporators have been used steadily so each man of the graduating class may be fit to operate plants of a similar nature with complete confidence.

The men of the 2nd class are at present worrying over the outcome of the impending finals, so much is at stake; stripes, and whether or not to ship out as oilers.

As a great majority of the cadets are interested in shipping on turbine ships after graduating, the termination of the "Marine Steam Engine" and "Reciprocating Engine" courses is greeted with much satisfaction. Turbines and Machine Shop Practices are believed to be the courses filling the remaining time during the engineers first class period.

The tinkers of the third class, now numbering seventeen, are looking forward with anticipation to their second class year when seemingly everything of value commences: the "race for stripes," use of the after-berth-deck ladders, self-expression, and the starting of Diesel Engineering, not to mention "off-the-face" hat styles and "living alone and liking it."

The plumbers' sixty-four dollar question in all classes seems to be electricity, and the number of which will pass same.

For the first time in the experiences of the present classes the complete plant of the training ship has been shut down from 2000 to 0430 every night. This has been a great help as more of the engineers are able to get a full night's sleep, even when having a watch during the week. It is believed a five man watch will control the engineroom when the Cadet Corps has moved from the ship to the shore base. Two men to be on watch at a time standing one shift per day, and a cadet engineer who will be charged with the up-keep of all engineering equipment during his week of standing watch.

Who thought boiler water readings should be taken from the starboard boiler even though there was no water in same for weeks?

FLOTSAM

San Francisco has a new mayor; he is Roger D. Lapham, a prominent figure of the shipping world. To be able to run in the recent election he resigned from the War Labor Board; however, Mr. Lapham still retains his capacity of Chairman of the Board of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. First, last, and always, San Francisco's new mayor is a steamship man.

It is the opinion of many that San Francisco has greatly strengthened her position as a major port of the post-war period by the election of Mr. Lapham to this post. The outcome of this election is felt to be the most progressive step the city has made in some time, and we feel that Lapham will be a successful "Master."

"United States exports in the post-war period, aggregating seven billion dollars annually, and the imports of 6.3 billion dollars are envisioned as potentialities in "Foreign Trade After the War," a report just released in Seattle by the Department of Commerce.

We may soon see the name of Robert Moran in various ports throughout the world. The suggestion for this name has been made to Admiral Emory S. Land for one of the new Maritime Commission ships. Upon making a short resume of his accomplishments, we find the name of Robert Moran worthy of recognition.

His shipbuilding record began in the days of square sails when he founded the Moran shipyard in Puget Sound. In the days of the Yukon River gold rush he was known all along the river for his fleet of wooden sternwheelers upon which the miners so depended. The great battleship **Nebraska**, long foremost of the United States fleet, was another Moran triumph. His shipyards have been instrumental throughout the entire Pacific Northwest in the development and growth of shipping companies which have made the west coast outstanding in world trade.

In addition, he guided the city of Seattle, as its mayor, through a critical period of its history. Upon retiring he devoted his attention and vast resources in behalf of public welfare, creating several parks and other philanthropic undertakings. Our only hope is that the life of this ship is as full and as beneficial to mankind as was the life of its namesake.

Four-day leave over Thanksgiving; less than a month 'till graduation.

To give an idea of the scope of America's wartime marine shipping, in a recent convoy of approximately forty ships the materials loaded at the port of embarkation were great enough to fill 300 miles of railroad cars, it is reported by the American Merchant Marine Institute. The material gathered for this convoy and destined for foreign battlefields came from some twenty points throughout the nation.

ALUMNI

At 2000 on the night of November 12, the inner sanctum of Hon Yuen Cafe (more familiarly known as— 即 偃 茲 廿) was the site of a distinguished gathering of the CMAAA and auxiliary. Some might have taken them for a sinister part of the underground but in truth they were out for pleasure and a bite to eat—both in their inimitable fashion!

A large private room, complete with juke box and appropriately decorated with numerous colored pennants of FDR and Chiang Kai Chek made an ideal setting for our August assembly. (The fact that a compact, well-stocked refreshment counter and small dance floor were close at hand did not detract from the Oriental charm of the subterranean scene.)

Finding it impossible to check our ravenous shipmates longer than nine o'clock, Mary and her assistants finally made chop-chop with the chow. Concerning the main course of half a chicken, Chinese, Ed Berryman brought down the overhead with his CMA cultured remark, "What is the nature of the beast? I can't seem to determine which end to attack."

Following the repast, a brief meeting was called to decide by unanimous vote that all further business be set aside for pleasure. In accord with the expressed desire of the majority, we conducted an orderly, if hasty retreat to the fountain.

Someone finally suggested that for solid jive the "Show-boat" couldn't be topped; so we shifted thither and closed the joint. (A bit of cotton in the ears to absorb the shock of that sizzling trumpet is suggested by the writer.)

Those in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mollenkopf, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Summerill; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kubel, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Berryman, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Soderlund, R. L. Peck, Miss Mary Hough, Volney Julian, Miss Barbara Greathead, John Donahue, Miss Signe Anderson.

We're very sorry that the others could not have been there to share the evening. Here's to bigger and better social meetings!

DECEMBER MEETING

Don't forget the dinner meeting with the First Class Midshipmen at 1800 Friday, December 10 at Morrow Cove. Please make reservations if possible.

ALUMNI ANNOUNCEMENTS

It was announced that on the 4th of November a new boss took over the household of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Grabowski and his name is Richard Barry. Yes, it does look as if there'll be some changes made!

There'll be more ration stamps in the family of Lieutenant and Mrs. Alfred E. Gallant, Jr. Marie-Alice Gallant was born on October 22nd, 1943.

Ensign C. T. Thomas, June, '43, who incidentally seems to be very pleased with Navy service, has taken the "big step." Taking advantage of a seven day leave, he wedded a San Francisco girl and spent a wonderful honeymoon in Los Llanos Hermosos de Sacramento.

Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. Ed Hochuli of the Training Division, War Shipping Administration, are the proud parents of Ronald Edward, a seven pound boy born November 7th.

THREE YEARS AGO AT CMA

The Binnacle for November, 1940 was a nineteen page edition. Thumbing through the pages we note that this was made possible by the efforts of a twenty-six man staff . . . In it a fine editorial by Mr. R. C. Dwyer . . . L. H. Erickson resigning as Editor to devote full time to the Hawspipe, being succeeded by E. N. Kettenhofen . . . CMA ejected from its Tiburon site . . . an article entitled, "A New Base? Where?" (We finally have it boys) . . . A controversy concerning dress whites for the tropics (There would be no controversy today—we would be happy to wear blues if we could only get there) . . . CMA sailors walk off with honors in their first attempt at competitive sailing . . . Class of '41 celebrates their second anniversary by way of a hayride in Sacramento . . . Propeller Club meets (There has ben some talk of an attempt to revive this honorary club in CMA) . . . Third class wins inter-class basketball tournament and varsity team formed to play engagements on cruise (Don't be surprised if we come out with something of the same sort ourselves) . . . Hand ball and tennis in full swing, Erickson and Heller seeded No. 1 . . . Then as now . . . a plea for longer weekend liberty for the First class . . . The showers alternately hot and cold . . . The adventures of Brumpsnick Snark, "Cadet Engineer."

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
TRAINING SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"
MORROW COVE - - VALLEJO